

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Studio Lisa

Two Young Gardeners and a Nice Young Carrot

The season has favoured the carrot crop, said the chairman of the National Vegetable Marketing Company last week. Among the gardeners who have discovered this pleasurable fact for themselves are Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose who turned their flower gardens into vegetable plots this year, and are producing a well-grown crop of carrots, onions and lettuces. The two Princesses recently came back from a visit to Scotland where the Queen had taken them to stay with their grandfather, the Earl of Strathmore, at Glamis Castle. And last week—on August 21—Princess Margaret Rose celebrated her eleventh birthday



Way of

the War

By "Foresight"



The President and the Prime Minister : a Historic Picture of a Historic Meeting

After the first news of the meeting of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill and the announcement of the Eight Points of their joint declaration had made their impact on the world, the most vivid impression was of the significance of the encounter of the two great leaders on the waters of the Atlantic. The programme and the setting of their meeting dramatically symbolised the power of the two democracies to give reality to a peace which should "enable all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance"

Allies in Conference

WHEN President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill issued their declaration of war and peace aims, there must have been those who felt that they had spent most of their time in conference on matters somewhat remote from the immediate issues of the war. Publication next day of the proposal to Stalin for Three-Power staff talks should have dispelled such ideas.

It was clear that President Roosevelt regarded the United States as a full participant in the Allied war effort. We may even read in this sense his statement to the American press, on landing at Rockland, Maine, that he did not think his talks with Mr. Churchill had brought the United States any closer to war. Almost certainly the President, in common with most other people, considers that the United States is already at war, though not necessarily committed to the despatch abroad of a land expeditionary force.

This Week's Meeting

ASSEMBLY in London this week of a full-dress meeting of the British and Allied Governments, to endorse a policy for the future ordering of the world, seems to stress the confidence of all the British and allied European nations that a new order of freedom and security can be created with the help of the United States. And that help has now been pledged by President Roosevelt.

The plan on which they will now work in

detail has been in rough draft for some years. Had Hitler sought a just settlement, rather than a war of unlimited conquest, it could have been adopted as the basis of an arrangement which would have spared the world the cost and horrors of the existence under which we have been compelled to live since September, 1939.

That rough plan was drafted at the request of France and Britain, and with the approval of the United States, by M. van Zeeland, then Premier of Belgium, by training an economist, and formerly Governor of the National Bank of Belgium. At the time it seemed as though M. van Zeeland's work, which had taken him to most of the countries in Europe, had been wasted. Now his report may be the blueprint of the European New Order — not Hitler's.

Canada's Premier Arrives

MR. MACKENZIE KING's arrival in London last week by direct flight across the Atlantic confirms the view I expressed in these notes just a month ago; namely, that, despite his reluctance to undertake so arduous a journey, the Canadian Prime Minister would feel obliged to fall in with Mr. Churchill's wish for personal contact with him. He has thus arrived in time to attend this week's meeting of the Allied Conference.

He has not yet, however, had much opportunity for personal contact with a brother Premier from the Dominions, Mr. Peter Fraser,

of New Zealand, who has now completed a two month's visit to this country.

Canada's contribution to the war effort is now becoming impressive. Canadian divisions have for long stood in the forefront of our defence lines in this country. Canadian factories are beginning to pour out tanks and other military equipment.

Mr. Mackenzie King himself is an able statesman. He will, of course, be invited to attend meetings of the War Cabinet, like other Dominion premiers who have been in England during the past year. His share in the Cabinet talks should be particularly valuable at a moment when Britain and the United States have just completed their full and frank review of the war situation.

Conference in the Kremlin

As I write, it seems to be the view in London that the Moscow Conference, proposed by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill and accepted by Stalin, will be concerned primarily with problems of supply. This has led to the assumption that the British mission will be headed by Lord Beaverbrook, who has been going over all the ground with his American colleagues since the discussions at the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting.

There have been indications from Washington that the Russian Military Mission, headed by General Golikoff, who went over there a few weeks ago, still feels some embarrassment in talking frankly about Russia's shortages and

(Continued on page 292)



Mr. Churchill, from the rail of H.M.S. Prince of Wales, watches the departure of Mr. Roosevelt in the American destroyer McDougal. The President and the Prime Minister held most of their conferences in the U.S. cruiser Augusta



Icelandic Port of Call: Mr. Churchill Signs V to Reykjavik



A Meeting of Soldiers

Not the least interesting of the North Atlantic conversations must have been those between the Chiefs of the U.S. and British Army Staffs. Here are General George Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, and General Sir John Dill, C.I.G.S.

Way of the War

(Continued from page 290)

the extent of her reserves, and the reasons on which Stalin bases his conviction that the Soviets will be able to hold out through the present campaigning season. It was implied

in the message sent by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill to Stalin that this secrecy on the Russian side is seen by the leaders of the Anglo-Saxon war effort as a positive disadvantage to the best parcelling out of the Allies' joint resources.

Expert on Far East

BY taking Colonel Repin to Washington as a member of his mission General Golikoff seemed to stress that he wished to talk particularly about matters related to the Far East.

interests to serve in establishing, and consequently maintaining, a line of communication to the Middle East by the shortest route outside actual combat areas. This would seem to suggest that America is one jump ahead of Germany, so far as Africa is concerned.

Habicht's Special Mission

FOR some months past Germany has been trying to use her influence over Vichy to procure use of the French fleet against the Allies' lines of communication near to the



The Greek Royal Family in South Africa: the First Pictures to reach England

Princess Eugenie of Greece and the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece were photographed on board the ship in which they arrived in South Africa. Crown Prince Paul, a Captain in the Royal Hellenic Navy, is the brother of the King of the Hellenes. His wife was Princess Friederike of Brunswick. Princess Eugenie is the wife of Prince Dominique Radziwill



King George of Greece was met at the South African port where he landed by the Governor-General, Sir Patrick Duncan. The King and those members of the Greek Royal Family who are with him are staying at Westbrooke, one of the official residences of the Governor-General. Sir Patrick Duncan has held that position since 1937



The Captain of the Prince of Wales

Captain John C. Leach, M.V.O., R.N., commands the 35,000-ton battleship H.M.S. Prince of Wales in which Mr. Churchill sailed to meet Mr. Roosevelt. Captain Leach, who was formerly Director of Naval Ordnance, was serving in the Renown as Lieutenant-Commander when the King and Queen, as Duke and Duchess of York, visited Australia and New Zealand

It occurs to me that Moscow may have had in mind the importance of keeping open the Trans-Siberian route from Vladivostok, by way of which American aid for Russia could most easily reach its destination.

Colonel Repin has not figured much in the news, but I recall that he was military attaché in China in 1936 and was recalled to Moscow in the autumn of that year. Japan alleged at the time that he had been engaged in anti-Japanese agitation, using Shanghai as a base for operations. The Japanese tried to represent that he was a Trotskyite and had participated in a plot against Stalin. That report would seem to be given its quietus by his present association with a military mission to the United States.

Whatever may have been the basis for those reports from Tokyo, it is beyond doubt that Colonel Repin was a staunch supporter of Marshal Bluecher, who was primarily responsible for building up Russia's independent Far Eastern army as a force of resistance against Japan's aspirations to dominate Siberia.

United States and Africa

FRESH from his talks with Mr. Churchill somewhere in the western Atlantic, Mr. Roosevelt, back in Washington, announced the decision to inaugurate a Pan-American Airways service across Central Africa. He was not precise as to the point in the West African coast from which this transcontinental service would operate, but it was clearly the President's intention that it should form an important link in the transport of American supplies to the Middle East theatre of war.

By indicating that American aircraft would maintain a connecting service across the South Atlantic, the President seemed to point out that America, affiliated with Britain, had vital

African continent, and, if possible, to secure the use of Dakar as a base of operations against our sea communications in the South Atlantic. So far, Berlin has not been able to attain these helps and facilities.

Despite the fact that he bases his whole political future on a German victory in Europe, Darlan has not been able to hand over the French fleet to the Germans. Nor has he been able to arrange for Dakar to become a German base. He has, however, done his utmost to assist German plans in this respect. For example, early this month he allowed Theodor Habicht, Under Secretary in the German Foreign Office, to establish himself in Dakar, knowing full well that Habicht was instructed to prepare for the peaceful penetration of French North Africa by the Nazis.

Nazi's Stormy Petrel

HABICHT has had some experience in such matters. He played the leading part in engineering the collapse of Austria. He is credited with organising the plans for the murder of Dr. Dollfuss, as for the "motor accident" which cost the life of Schuschnigg's wife.

Stormy petrel of the Nazi hierarchy, Habicht has been in and out of favour according to who at that moment had Hitler's ear. In March, 1934, von Neurath, then Foreign Minister, persuaded Hitler that the desired friendly relations between Italy and Germany could never be achieved if Habicht were allowed to continue the series of broadcasts which he was then delivering. Hitler appeared on the whole to have supported Habicht against the more experienced diplomat and director of Germany's foreign affairs. Von Papen, always currying favour with the regime of the hour, is said to have made it a condition of his appointment



A British Fashion Display for South Africa

Mrs. S. F. Waterson, wife of South Africa's High Commissioner, at the May Fair Hotel inspected an example of British dresses destined for South Africa. The Board of Trade is making a big drive to popularise British fashions, and an example of its success was the safe arrival of mannequins and goods recently sent to the U.S.A. which so annoyed Nazi propagandists

collaboration and understanding between the British authorities and General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French movement.

The position is complicated, for French prestige in the Arab states has been sadly diminished by the short-sighted and irresponsible conduct of affairs by the Vichy Government. Some months have elapsed since General de Gaulle went back to Africa to direct the affairs of all the great territories on that continent which give allegiance to the Free French movement. It is probably now desirable that the dashing tank officer, who has become for many Frenchmen the personification of the struggle for liberty, should return to London for personal discussions with the Government.

Colonial Governors

IT is a pity that Colonial Office tradition, unless violated, makes it impossible to nominate Sir William Battershill, who is leaving Cyprus, as Governor of Bermuda

in succession to Lt.-Gen. Sir Denis Bernard. By all accounts Sir William would be in every way qualified to fill this important post in the West Indies, and there increase good Anglo-American relations. But it has for long been a rule that when a Governor gives up his appointment he must return to London and serve for six months in the Colonial Office before taking a new post. One might well ask whether this is a time for adhering to a system which may have had its merits in the piping times of peace, but in war may immobilise a good man at a moment when he could better serve the national interest in some other capacity.

Pétain's New Problem

PEOPLE who have seen Marshal Pétain lately describe him as more active and vigorous than is generally supposed and most eager whenever possible to meet visitors. He confessed to one of these lately that he now knew he had been wrong in believing that he could do something for France by trying to enter into honourable collaboration with Germany. He felt that now there was nothing he could do but to struggle on for preservation of honour and such alleviation as he could obtain for the sufferings of the people.

It is clear that the intriguing gang of Ministers who have gained control in Vichy are at pains to prevent the old Marshal from knowing much of what is going on. Thus he will give personal assurances to London or Washington that this or that will or will not be done, supremely unaware that behind his back his Ministers are doing the exact opposite. This is one reason for his anxiety to meet diplomats and others from outside his own official circle. Another is that he seeks always to know what is the real state of opinion in France. For that reason he travels about as much as he can.

Vienna in 1934 that Habicht should be dismissed. In these circumstances it is easy to understand that news of this turbulent fellow was next received from Borkum, an island in the North Sea, where Habicht had been sent by Hitler to cool his heels.

The latest information reaching London suggests that Habicht has not yet succeeded in his mission to West Africa, which was, in concert with Darlan, to assume full control and crush all resistance to the dictates of Vichy. Drastic steps were taken, resulting in the "liquidation" of many high military and police authorities, but, so far as is known in London, Berlin is still far from its objective in establishing that control in Dakar which would constitute a serious threat to the Anglo-American line of communication across the South Atlantic.

Importance of Syria

CONSOLIDATION of the position in the Middle East will not be complete until a new regime, inspiring confidence throughout the Arab lands, has been set up in Syria under the conjoint efforts of Britain and Free France. Reports reaching London from that end of the Mediterranean show that there remain many frictions to be removed. Syria, although already eligible to attain independent self-government, should properly be set on her feet in this respect by the Free French, who, in British eyes, have inherited the responsibilities so lightly set aside by the men of Vichy. Clearly, this calls for the closest



The King Sees the Churchill-Roosevelt Film

The King went to the Ministry of Information last week to see the film of Mr. Churchill's transatlantic trip and his meeting with the American President. With His Majesty are Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of Air Staff, Mr. Brendan Bracken, and Sir Walter Monckton

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"It's only a Film"

I AM to talk this week about the standard of values prevailing in the cinema compared with that which rules in the theatre. A stage actress is cast to play, say, Lady Hamilton. Obviously we expect that actress to bear some sort of resemblance to Nelson's enchantress and comport herself befittingly. If the actress fails to make good in this then nothing is accounted to her. Now consider the films. A man of some education told me the other day how much he had enjoyed the Lady Hamilton jamboree at the Odeon. He had, it appeared, revelled in Miss Vivien Leigh's portrayal of the heroine. I said: "Did you think it a true representation of the real woman? Would you have approved the performance if it had been given in the theatre?" He said: "That's different. It's only a film, and anyhow I like looking at Vivien Leigh."

Now, it seems, we are to see Miss Leigh as Cleopatra in Mr. Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. This is to take place on the stage proper, and I am wondering what our dramatic critics will have to say about it. In my view Miss Leigh will have to reconsider her notions of acting if she is to present us with any convincing portrait of Mr. Shaw's heroine, who, you will remember, is something entirely remote from the Cleopatra of the Shakespearian and Antonine phase. This is a little chit of a girl-

queen whose kittenishness cries aloud for Miss Kay Hammond.

The point is this. Both Cleopatra and Lady Hamilton had greatness thrust upon them; their core is essential commonness of mind showing through the trappings of majesty and position. Miss Leigh's forte is to show the ladylikeness of Kensington Gore augmenting itself to befit the purple, and the highly-placed mistress. The two things are poles apart: plus and minus are not more opposite.

What view the dramatic critic will take of the new Cleopatra I do not know, and, of course, it may be that on the stage Miss Leigh will put forth those feats of miming which the cinema has not yet demanded. Yet I will swear that if, on the film, Miss Leigh were to present a Cleopatra as remote from Mr. Shaw's character as her Lady Hamilton was from Nelson's mistress, then the film critics would fall on their knees before her. With, of course, the exception of those whose sex prefers the curtsy.

IT has been necessary for me recently to look through the film criticisms I have contributed to THE TATLER during the last fourteen or fifteen years: say some seven hundred articles. I was surprised to discover that insensibly, throughout these fifteen years, the note had not been: Is this film true to nature and art?

Does it engage the mind or the emotion? No. The touchstone had always been: Is this film amusing? Would one find it jollier to continue to watch it, or to emerge into the street and gaze at the buses? It was humiliating for a critic who has reprinted some seven-tenths of his dramatic criticisms throughout the same period, possibly because of the permanent interest of the plays criticised—it was humiliating for such a critic to discover that he had written almost nothing about the cinema which could even begin to justify reproduction.

The conclusion to be derived therefrom is obvious and imperative. Either I had given no mind to my perustrations in THE TATLER, or the things under review had had no mind to be perustrated about! The whole history of the film during the last fifteen years resolved itself, under this survey, to a tale of Bosh. Bosh about Henry VIII. Bosh about Cleopatra. Bosh about Marie Antoinette. Bosh about Nero. Bosh about Beethoven. And twofold bosh about (a) a Yank and (b) Oxford. At this point the reader pertinently asks: Are you quite sure, Mr. Agate, that there is no possibility of your ever having been wrong?

NOW the great art of controversy is not to give ground when you must, but before you must. Let me present this pertinent reader with a parcel of scorched earth in the shape of some quotations which I wrote in this paper in October, 1928:

The rock upon which the talkies are bound to split is the snag of sacrificing the delight of the eye to the tedium of the ear. I shall not go into the question of the destruction of that which to me has always been the chief enchantment of the silent screen—its trance-like quality. But there can be no manner of doubt that the great pull of the film up to the present has been the extraordinary wealth of eye-adventure. I am not now considering pictorial values as the high brow would have us understand them. I am considering only the wonderful land- and sea-scapes which we have enjoyed—volcanoes in eruption, landslides and ice-flows, coral reefs and tumbling billows, galloping horses, flashing expresses, fire engines, and all the rest of it. Do our talkie magnates really believe that we shall be compensated for the absence of these by dialogue which would not titillate a servants' hall?

There is only one kind of talking film which to people of any intelligence whatever is going to give any sort of entertainment. That is the film the quality of whose talk would hold the spectator if it were spoken on the stage or read by him in a book. It is possible that the talkies have a great, and even an overwhelming, future, if their directors have the imagination to reproduce plays like *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde*, *The Silver Box*, or even the larger dramas of Shakespeare.

WELL, reader, you can write me down an ass. For I had long ears in October, 1928. I wrote of dialogue "which would not titillate a servants' hall" being the mainstay of the talkie. I was wrong. Absurdly wrong. The mainstay of the talkie has been dialogue which has titillated the servants' hall.

I am at the end of my space or I would show that because I was wrong thirteen years ago about the talkies does not mean that I am wrong today about what is history and what ain't.



Another R.A.F. Film: "Dangerous Moonlight"

Like "Target For Tonight," "Dangerous Moonlight" was made with the co-operation of the R.A.F. But this time we are shown the adventures of a member of the Polish Air Force, in Warsaw under enemy bombardment, in New York, and finally in England. The film which includes many stirring battle scenes in the air, was produced by Brian Desmond Hurst. Anton Walbrook plays Stefan Radetzky, a Polish airman, and Sally Gray is Carole Peters, who loves him. Above are Radetzky (Anton Walbrook) and Mike Carrol (Derrick de Marney) hearing of the fall of Warsaw on the radio. "Dangerous Moonlight" began its run at the Regal with a gala performance in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund

Four New Films



"Reaching for the Sun"

Industrial Detroit provides the background for the story of Michigan woodsman Russ Elliot (Joel McCrea), lured to the city by the promise of big money, and his wife, Rita (Ellen Drew). Close-ups taken in a naval defence factory and scenes shot in Packard's automobile plant, hitherto unfilmed, are new features in "Reaching for the Sun," the Paramount picture produced and directed by William A. Wellman, now on at the Plaza



"The Strawberry Blonde"

Co-stars in "The Strawberry Blonde," at the Warner Theatre this week, are James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. Unsuccessful aspirant for the hand of the blonde in question, Biff Grimes (James Cagney), a correspondence-school dentist, marries Amy Lind (Olivia de Havilland) on the rebound. Mixed up in a business scandal by a dishonest friend, Biff goes to prison, but while there finishes his dental course. Revenge comes to him when, after his release, he is called in to extract the tooth of ex-friend Hugo Barnstead, the cause of all his troubles. Director of this film is Raoul Walsh



"The Golden Hour"

This picture now running at the Gaumont, directed by George Marshall, deals with a feud between Haskell of Haskell's Health Food, and the McCorkle boarding-house across the street. James Stewart as Jimmy, the Haskell nephew, and Paulette Goddard as Mom McCorkle's daughter, get and give a lot of fun while trying to improve Haskell's "Happiness Hour" on the radio with a band of their own choosing

(Right) Mary Martin and Don Ameche are in the film version of Clare Boothe's successful play, "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," opening at the Plaza on Friday. It is all about Cindy Lou Bethany (Mary Martin), who is convinced she could be a star. In the pursuit of a career she meets Lloyd Lloyd (Don Ameche), and when, disgusted with the whole stage business, she returns to her southern home, Lloyd follows her there. They discover true love, at the point of a gun held by Cindy's Aunt Lily Lou. Victor Schertzinger directed the film



"Kiss the Boys Good-bye"

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

About the Country

THE garden fête season goes whizzing on, and the shrill cries of hoop-la addicts and bowlers for the pig echo round the walls of vicarage and manor-house gardens, pianos tinkle against the often windy open air while schoolchildren dance and mime, the village postmistress crouches in a small tent wearing something brought back from the East by someone, and tells fortunes (grand opportunity for ticking-off village girls suspected of making too free with young Alberts and Joes), keen-eyed housewives guess the weight of the cake—do wartime ingredients affect the form in this intricate sport?—carefree types put down their names for egg-and-spoon and three-legged races, and dogs compete to have the Most Pathetic Eyes, or Most Curious Tricks, democratically avoiding the snobbism of a contest in mere breeding.

So the admirably light-hearted English demonstrate intact morale, and raise money for War Weapons, or the more customary church organ, roof, or heating arrangements.

Actual Occasions

LADY FEVERSHAM, Lord Halifax's daughter, opened a garden party at The Green, Kirbymoorside, in Yorkshire—

one of her first public engagements since returning to England from a trip practically across the world. The party was in aid of the Ryedale and District Ambulance Association.

Lady Portal and her family organised a garden fête at Overton, in Hampshire, in aid of the mission field. Besides the usual stalls and competitions, children acted a missionary play called *The Gates of Brass*.

And, in Yorkshire again, at Hovingham Hall, lent by Sir William and Lady Worsley, there was a fête to raise £50 for the church roof. Lady Cayley opened the fête, and Miss Catherine Worsley presented her with a bouquet of roses. There was a nice cricket match, but it had to be abandoned after T. Bradshaw's eleven had scored 192 for six and declared.

The White Elephant Stall, and the tea, were both in the capable hands of the Mothers' Union.

Cricket and Things

ANY green field, tricked out with stumps and scoreboard, takes one right back to country days of early youth, ruthlessly stuffed full of cricket, at which one sat, dazed with the strain of observing the tiny sounds and movements of which this gradual

game is composed. The click of ball actually contacting bat (instead of bouncing off at a tangent and having to be recaptured for another convulsive delivery by the bowler, whose gambols were the only regular pas seul of the affair), creating a disproportionately high surge of hope that at last a Run might be in the making, like history, to prove that actual progress was occurring. And what a breathless silence if bat actually lifted ball into the air, with the possibility of a catch. Only two words can be spoken, the same mystic two, "How's that?", at which it was customary for onlookers to lean forward in profound concentration.

A very jolly game.

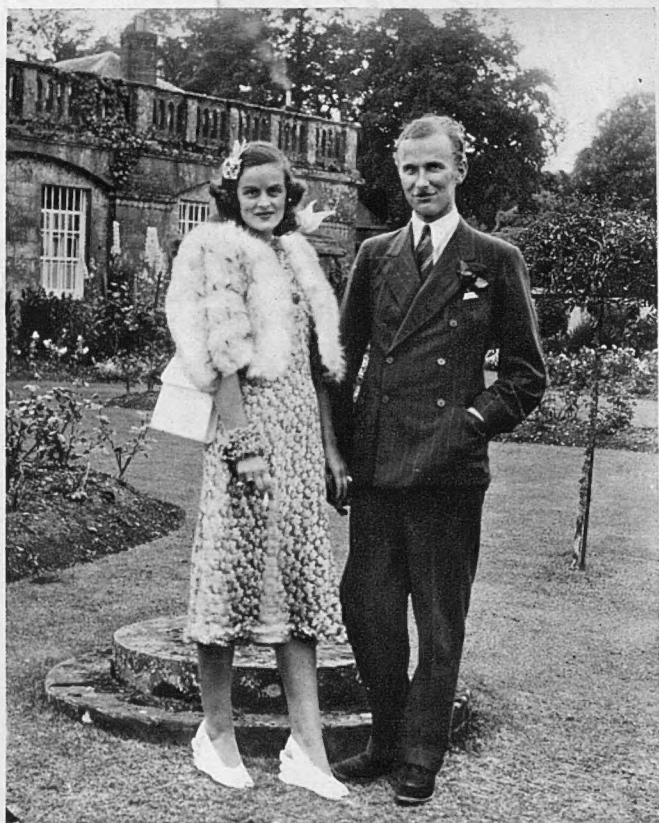
A Busy Week

STOKE-BY-NAYLAND has filled its War Weapons Week with a good range of programmes. A whist drive organised by Mrs. Durrant; prizes presented by Lady Grant; a garden fête in the grounds of the Priory, lent by Mr. F. H. A. Engleheart, J.P., and opened by Lady Victor Seymour; and an American tennis tournament at Tending Park lasting from Monday to Friday.

Then on the Saturday a Rural Show at Scotland House, lent by Mrs. Cooper. Prizes at this were given for exhibits of wild flowers, pet rabbits and collections of white butterflies. A little boy got a special prize for his floral V, and rabbits were judged on weight, condition, and number of spots. Presumably the white butterflies were simply a numbers racket, as their weight and condition would be hard to test, and the proper ones don't have spots.

Navy League Luncheon

MISS GRACIE FIELDS, looking very smart in black, was guest of honour at the Navy League luncheon at the Savoy.



Scottish-Welsh Alliance

Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner and Captain James Jardine-Hunter-Paterson, King's Own Scottish Borderers, were married in London in May. Mrs. Paterson is the younger daughter of Major Sir Harwood and Lady Harwood-Banner, of Boughrood Castle, Radnorshire, and her husband is a son of Captain and Mrs. Hunter-Arundel. He and his wife live at Brocklehurst, Collin, Dumfriesshire



A Wedding in Surrey

Sub-Lieut. John Joseph Benedict Hunt, R.N.V.R., son of Major and Mrs. A. L. Hunt, of Hale House, Churt, Surrey, and Miss Magdalen Mary Lister Robinson, younger daughter of Sir Roy and Lady Lister Robinson, of 57, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1, now at Leigh Delamere, Chippenham, Wilts., were married at Hale House Chapel. Sir Roy Lister Robinson has been chairman of the Forestry Commission for nine years

Admiral Sir Sydney Freemantle, G.C.B., M.V.O., Deputy Chairman of the Navy League, and Mr. Angus L. MacDonald, Canadian Minister of Naval Defence, both made moving speeches on the great work of the League.

Lady Lloyd spoke touchingly on presenting Miss Gracie Fields with a brooch-embellish of the League.

Among other important people at the luncheon were Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Lady Kemsley, Lord and Lady May, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Monroe, Mr. Basil Dean, Sir Bernard Docker, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Vivian.

People About

LADY ELEANOR SMITH was lunching out lately, in a black dress with a square neck outlined in appliquéd white flowers. Mr. Lyulph Stanley, brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, is often about; so is Mr. David Herbert, Lord Pembroke's son.

Major and Mrs. Johnson were having a few days together in London. She is Miss Jasmine Bligh, whose television career is waiting on ice for the war to end, and he is in the Gunners, stationed in East Anglia at a farm called The Nunnery, property of Mr. Ruffels, who owns a large proportion of the land in the neighbourhood. Another large landowner down there is Mr. Donald Rose, who lives in a pink and pleasantly ancient house.

Cocktail Party

MR. LESLIE PYKE gave an amusing cocktail party at 3, Culross Street—a lovely little house which he rents from Mr. Edward James, who used to live there himself with his wife, Tilly Losch.

Sir Basil and Lady Kemble-Cook were there, excited about the addition to their household of three lemons; Kathleen, Lady Domville, in black and white; Mrs. Peter Quennell, full of lovely jokes; Mr. Phillips, Dutch Vice-Consul, Mr. Gordon Glennon, who has just written a play for Barbara Mullen; Mme. Natasha Tchermoeff, and others.

The house used to be a mews, and must always have been comfortable, but has been made modern and more so, and is charmingly furnished. A screen in the drawing-room is all over sailing-ships with lavish rigging.

Weddings

THERE have been two naval weddings, at one of which seamen formed a guard of honour. Policemen have truncheons, soldiers swords, and even Boy Scouts some minor weapon to hold over the heads of the happy couple they are honouring, but seamen can only contribute their sturdy presence. This they did at the marriage between Mr. J. A. Caulcutt and Miss Elsie von Hartz, at Emery Down, in the New Forest. He is the only son of Sir John and Lady Caulcutt, and among the many guests were Lord Lugard, Lady Bethel, Sir Alfred and Lady Webb-Johnson, and Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway.

Mr. J. J. B. Hunt and Miss M. M. Lister Robinson were married in the Catholic Chapel, Hale House, Churt, the home of the bridegroom's parents, Major and Mrs. A. L. Hunt. The bride is the daughter of Sir Roy and Lady Lister Robinson, and Dom Charles Pontifex, O.S.B., and Father H. C. Fincham officiated.

Horse Show Substitute

DUBLIN Horse Show was replaced by a jumping competition at the Royal Dublin Society's grounds at Ballsbridge, where there was also a showing of Irish homespun, and a National Art exhibition.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Lord Tyrrell of Avon and His Daughter

Lord Tyrrell took up his duties as President of the British Board of Film Censors in 1935. Before that he was for six years our Ambassador in Paris, and an exceedingly popular one. His daughter, who acted as hostess for her father at the Embassy, married Captain Jack Crawshaw in 1934. She is at present chairman of the "Refugees of England" Committee, and is doing wonderful work helping the countless exiles in this country.

There was a good attendance daily, and a percentage of visitors from Northern Ireland and England. Because of the threatened light shortage in Dublin during the winter, and the certain light shortage in country districts, the old-fashioned rushlight exhibits in the Homespun Section attracted some attention.

Commander F. A. Aherne, who has often taken part in the International jumping competitions both at home and abroad, was a winner at the show, and among the visitors were Lord and Lady Holmpatrick, Miss Patience French, Mrs. Eustace Duckett, Major and Mrs. Sharpe, Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne (she was one of three pretty Guinesses, sister of Lady Dufferin), Lady Carew, Lady Lambart, Mrs. Hall, M.F.H., Major E. M. Connolly, Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald, and Mrs. N. Connell, M.F.H., M.N.

Galway Races

Galway Races are always a great event, social climax in the Galway year, and an attraction to masses of people from all over Ireland.

People at the last meeting included Mr. Hal MacDermot, Captain J. S. Bennett, Mr. Frank Fahy, Speaker of Dail Eireann, and Mrs. Fahy, Mrs. Cecil Lavery, Lord Charles Cavendish, the Duchess de Stacpoole, Mr. Harold Clarke, Mr. More O'Ferrall, and Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley.

Tuam Races were the same week, and among the many people at them were Lord Hemphill, Miss Betty Kearns, and Captain and Mrs. Corry.

A visit and a wedding which have just happened in Ireland are Lord and Lady Rosse's stay at Birr Castle, and the marriage between Mr. Patrick Campbell, only son of Lord Glenavy, and Miss Sylvia Willoughby Lee. Lord Glenavy is a director of the Bank of Ireland, and has moved into a pleasant house at Rockbrook, above Rathfarnham.



Family Reunion

John Julius Cooper was at La Guardia airport to greet his parents, Mr. and Lady Diana Duff Cooper, on their arrival in America. Mr. Duff Cooper was on his way to Singapore to take up his new job. John Julius came from Canada, where he is at school.

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

This Year, Next Year . . .

ANY dramatic critic (or manager or theatrical author) who loves the theatre must have his dreams, if not of what the theatre should theoretically be, at any rate of what the theatre might practically include. In my own case, there are certain recurring dreams to which I find myself increasingly rather than diminishingly subject. Some of them, in view of the scarcity of man-power, canvas-power, wood-power, and all the other powers absorbed in war, may not be possible until the war is over. But since this war may go on for a hundred years, I sometimes wonder whether waiting is as advisable as it is easy.

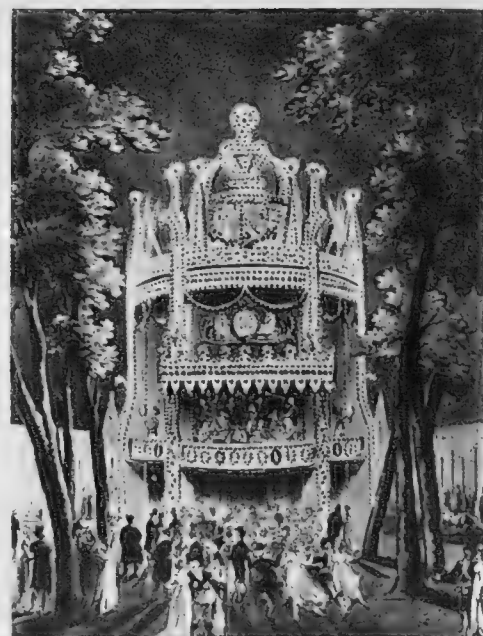
Miss Baylis wouldn't have waited. I once went to see Miss Baylis to suggest that at every Shakespeare performance in the Old Vic a certain number of seats should be provided for the public free. She liked the idea. She sent for advisers on ways and means. When they came, one of them dashed my hopes by pointing out difficulty after difficulty. Then up spake Lilian Baylis. "We may as well face the fact," she said, "that this thing is going to be done, so let's talk about how to do it and not about how *not* to do it." And done it was.

IF Miss Baylis had been alive to-day, the Old Vic and what it stands or stood for would not have relapsed into what it is or isn't. She ran Shakespeare in London right

through the last war without a break. She would have done the same thing again this war. And that is one of my recurring dreams—the building up once more of a permanent home for Shakespeare in London, with a permanent company enthusiastic enough and uncelebrated enough to stay clear of film offers and broadcast offers and the whole financial racket.

To play Shakespeare well, you must play Shakespeare regularly. To get and keep a Shakespeare public, you must keep *at* Shakespeare. Don't worry about perfection. Do the best you can in the difficult circumstances. Go ahead and start with what you have and what you can get, and if you run into debt and go bankrupt, you run into debt and go bankrupt. Start now. That's one of my dreams, anyway.

MY next dream is very different. I have never much liked open-air theatres with bushes and birds, because so few playwrights have written plays for bushes and birds. But how charming is an open-air theatre with boards and a proscenium! How sweet is music in the open air! What a real place of entertainment might be made in (say) Regent's Park, with suppers *à la belle étoile* and a choice of diversions out of doors and under canvas—operettas, masques, dancing, fêtes, fireworks (after the war)—a sort of modern Vauxhall Gardens, with delight, in the best sense of the word, for its keynote. One day, one day—and I'll be king of the castle!—and show that the



A theatre in Vauxhall Gardens
Drawn by Rowlandson

public does not object to taste if it gets its fun.

IN the meantime, why doesn't somebody come along (Recurring Dream No. 3) and ask me to run a cabaret show in some place like the Player's Theatre—a place that doesn't insist on being Victorian and that has a little more space and discrimination than the Nightlight? A small public, a spontaneous atmosphere, casual surprises, informality, no censorship, and the cleverest people in London performing, not because it's a shop-window, but because it is the place where only the best is found—and what artist worth his salt doesn't gravitate to that? Gaiety without inebriety, sentiment without sex, a rendezvous visitors to England (when there are visitors to England again), would try to parallel in their own countries. I've had that dream a long time, but it doesn't seem to stale.

AND then a dream of a young people's theatre with all the forward activity of youth in it. Nobody over thirty. All the best new plays in all the best new ways—ways to make me, personally, as a quinquagenarian, furious, no doubt. But alive and uncommercial and serious. For the theatre, or one wing of the theatre, must become serious again. And since it is the young who are serious, this must be their affair.

OF course, the dreams are much, much longer than that! But *ars longa, pagina brevis*. Who'll help me to get them all materialised?



"How sweet is music in the open air!" Sweet it was for Londoners, as Rowlandson insists, in the days of Vauxhall Gardens, and might be again, as Mr. Farjeon suggests, if Regent's Park became "a real place of entertainment"

War Work



Flag-Buying: Queen Mary Takes Her Union Jack

Hundreds of thousands of little Union Jacks were sold for the Lord Mayor of London's National Air Raid Distress Fund on its flag-day last week. Queen Mary was an early buyer from a small, determined seller



Staebe

A.T.S.: South-Eastern Command Officers

Chief Commandant the Countess of Carlisle (right) is Assistant Director, A.T.S., South-Eastern Command. On the staff is Company Commander Cynthia Charrington, daughter of Brigadier Charrington



Canteens: Lady Moira Combe Hands Out Cigarettes

Lady Moira Combe had "a packet of ten" which she shared out among her clients when she and Mrs. Randall Monier-Williams stopped to serve troops from a mobile tea-car. The canteen was presented to the Y.M.C.A. by the British War Relief Society of America

A garden fête in aid of the Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire's Comforts and Welfare Fund was held at St. Cloud, Callow End, the home of Colonel and Mrs. D. H. Wiggin, and was opened by Lady Lechmere, wife of Sir Ronald Lechmere, Bt. On the right are Mrs. Wiggin, Chairman of the Ladies Committee, her small son, Lady Lechmere (centre), and Col. Wiggin, Chairman of the Fund



Comforts: a Garden Fête in Worcestershire

Below: the Countess of Clarendon, Guide County Commissioner for London and Oversea Commissioner, and Mrs. St. John Atkinson, Chief Commissioner, drank success in mugs of tea to a mobile canteen presented to the Y.M.C.A. by the Girl Guides and Wayfarer Guides of Northern Rhodesia. Lady Clarendon is the sister of Lord Somers, Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth

Canteens: Lady Clarendon Presents One From Rhodesian Guides



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

N OBODY steals bags from bank-messengers very easily because the bags are chained to their wrists. Everybody steals important secret and confidential documents with perfect ease from the Whitehall boys—Case No. 57, involving some Ministry of Supply papers, occurred a few days ago—because they often leave attaché-cases in cars when they go to the cinema or call for tea on some unhappy woman with whom, in a dry and ligneous and rather horrible way, they are in love.

Exhaustive inquiries in the purlieus of Whitehall lead us to the impression that a fixed state of mind is involved. Just as a few thinkers in the Army still believe that black-out and road regulations concern civilians only, so the Whitehall boys cannot conceive that it will occur to anybody to steal their papers. Other people's, yes; theirs, no. (Not only the civilian Whitehall boys, either. A foreman we heard of on a new defence works recently picked up a stray bunch of papers which, when taken to the nearest military authorities, caused them nearly to pass out in a muck-sweat of agony.) So on the whole we suggest Harley Street psychiatrists be called in to combat this *idée fixe*.

Treatment

VERY simple elementary exercises would do. Big coloured pictures of children leaving toys behind in the Park and being punished by Nanny, to begin with. Then a series of careful explanations—the patient meanwhile being in a state of hypnosis—that if you leave secret papers unguarded naughty persons may possibly steal them,

even if you do wear natty striped trousers and own an exquisitely rolled umbrella and a blonde secretary; that these persons may conceivably be in enemy (German) pay and so forth.

Short of this, what about the good old naval rump-and-dozen in each proven case of cretinism? Or are we being impossibly indelicate?

Don

DEATHLY cold as the romps of the P.E.N. Club boys and girls and the entire booksy racket leave us, we agree that it was nice of the citizens of Buenos Aires the other day to rename a street at P.E.N. Club instigation after Cunninghame Graham, whose writings on Spanish America—especially *A Vanished Arcadia*, about that remarkable experiment of the Jesuits in Paraguay—will probably remain classics, like Hudson's *Purple Land*.

Nobody could have looked more like Don Quixote than the Scottish sceptic Don Roberto. The Epstein bust admirably conveys that hawklike profile, with the winds of all the Pampas rushing through the flung-back hair. The Island Race has never gone in to any extent for naming streets even



MAURICE M'LOU

“—And I tell you, they're only mushrooms!”

after decorative booksy boys, of whom it takes a dim view. Maybe in the majestic post-war London we're all looking forward to this defect will be remedied, and great marble-paved processional ways like Shaw Circus and Gollancz Avenue will provide a proper carpet for Imperial pageantry. All one can hope is that the authorities will not catch the Third Republic's habit of abolishing ancient and historic street names in favour of those of scrubby politicians—e.g., Viviani, who would actually have had the Quai St. Michel renamed after him a few years ago if the Sorbonne students had not risen in fury and torn the ignoble new signs down. But you never know.

Crack

NEVER having been to Iran, or Persia, as gentlemen call it, we're ready to take the word of the late regretted Sir Denison Ross that whatever mystic glamour Persia retained up to fifty years ago has since been blasted away by the internal-combustion engine, to which the world owes so much. The great Orientalist told us this behind the back of his hand during a flowery speech by a romantic about Omar Khayyâm, that third-rate defeatist, at a dinner. Bulbuls and nightingales are out long since, apparently.

But Persia, where trouble seems to be brewing, still has a Shah, and not even threats of the quaint old Persian punishment known as “gutch,” consisting of packing a citizen tightly into a sort of drainpipe with a lot of plaster-of-Paris, which swelled amusingly when water was poured in, would prevent us from reminding you of the neatest crack ever made about a Shah. It is a parody of an old French proverb attributed to the Hon. Odo Russell when he was at the Paris Embassy. The holidaying Shah of the period had been hitting it up high, wide, and handsome among the Montmartre night-spots and the *police des mœurs* were most embarrassed. “La nuit,” murmured Russell sympathetically, “tous les Shahs sont gris.”

Pal

AN officer in a Scottish regiment (we heard him tell this one), recently travelling by train to the South Coast, got rather bored with the flow of conversation on all possible topics which a bright-eyed citizen

(Concluded on page 302)

“You get the idea, of course”



G. S. SHEPHERD

Five Engagements

The Hon. Katharine Vavasour Fisher is the second of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Fisher, of Kilverstone Hall, Thetford, Norfolk. Her fiancé is Captain L. Hugh Clifford, Devonshire Regiment, attached Reconnaissance Corps, only son of the Hon. L. J. Clifford, of Chudleigh, Devon, and Melbourne, Australia, and the late Mrs. Clifford, and grandson of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. His sister is also engaged (below)



Pearl Freeman

The Hon.
Katharine Fisher



Lenore

Miss Frances Marie Massie Blomfield

Miss Frances Marie Massie Blomfield is engaged to the Hon. Peter Edward Ramsbotham, younger son of Lord and Lady Soulsbury, of Kingswood, Heath, Beds. She is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Massie Blomfield, and Mrs. I. M. Blomfield, of 133, Finchley Road, N.W. Lord Soulsbury, formerly the Rt. Hon. Herwald Ramsbotham, received his barony in July, and is the new Chairman of the Assistance Board



Pearl Freeman

Mr. Jack Wolff and Miss Mary Clifford

Lieut. Jack Wolff, Intelligence Corps, is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wolff, of The Dene, Bushey, Herts., now at Finkley House, Andover. Miss Mary Clifford is the elder daughter of the Hon. L. J. Clifford, of Chudleigh, and Melbourne, Australia, and the late Mrs. Clifford, and sister of Captain L. H. Clifford, who is engaged to the Hon. Katharine Fisher (above). Miss Clifford is in the A.T.S.

Miss Caroline Warwick Bamfylde is the only daughter of the late Hon. Francis Bamfylde, and the Hon. Mrs. Bamfylde, now at 12, Adelaide Crescent, Hove, and a cousin of Lord Poltimore. She is in the W.A.A.F. Her fiancé is Flt.-Lieut. Dean Lenihall Swifte, Royal Australian Air Force, younger son of Mr. A. H. Swifte, of Melbourne, Australia, and the late Mrs. Swifte

Miss Marguerite Hamilton announced earlier this month that her marriage would take place shortly to Captain Lord Petre, Essex Regiment, of Ingatestone Hall, Essex. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Ion Wentworth Hamilton, and Mrs. Hamilton, of Westwood, Nettlebed, Oxon. Lord Petre, who is the seventeenth baron, succeeded in 1915, when he was a year old. His father, who was in the Coldstream Guards, died of wounds in action. His mother married as her second husband Sir Carne Rasche, Bt.



Lenore

Miss Caroline Bamfylde



Harlip

Miss Marguerite Hamilton

Standing By ...

(Continued)

with a rather wild expression insisted on pouring out on him as he was trying to read a novel, and after half an hour of it he got out and ducked into an empty carriage further down the train. A quarter of an hour later he looked up from his book to see the wild-eyed citizen beaming matily on him. In the course of the resumed monologue it turned out that the wild-eyed citizen was bound for a station the train had passed through half an hour before and that he had a season-ticket between London and York dated 1931 and signed "General Sir Kingsley Wood" in a large round hand. At this the officer removed himself and consulted the guard, who was sympathetic but had no suggestion of value

to make. Fortunately the officer's destination, where his wife was meeting him with a car, was only ten minutes distant.

He slipped out cautiously some doors further down, mingled quickly with the crowd, saw no sign of pursuit, and, heaving a gentle sigh, walked down to the hotel where he was meeting his wife. Five minutes later the wild-eyed one bustled into the lounge with a cheery wave, and, continuing his chat, accompanied the officer to the car as his wife drew up outside. "Why," asked the officer desperately, closing the door just in time to prevent his chum snuggling in as well, "do you follow me round like this?" "I like your nice tartan trousers," said the wild-eyed citizen happily, waving him goodbye.

Bogey

ONE of the more skittish papers recently produced a strip of scowling

photographs of the six leading German generals on the Eastern Front with the caption "Nice People, Aren't They?" They seemed to us far less unnerving than the faces you find in any Financial Supplement.

The German military pan normally assumes a ferocious aspect when photographed—ask your Great-Uncle Joe about Ludendorff's and the Kaiser's in World War I.—but we doubt if those boys are invariably the same at home. (There's a high German general in Zweig's *Case of Sergeant Grischa*, incomparably the best novel of the last war, who is quite a dear old gentleman off parade kind, beaming, and avuncular.) The strain of continuously keeping up a rigid steely scowl, as practised, among other vilenesses, in the Prussian military cadet schools, is humanly impossible except in extreme cases. Big business men and hens, on the other hand, never relax their brutal cruelty of expression in any circumstances, as any showgirl or poultry farmer will tell you.

Looking fierce at intervals is of course an international military tradition and is held to terrify the enemy, for which purpose we all had to grow moustaches in World War I. Far more frightening, actually, would be troops who used the bayonet with a pleasant smile, but one doesn't expect the War Office to go in for subtleties like that.

Seer

WIPING the helpless tears from our rheumy old eyes as the last nervous hiccup and giggle of the B.B.C. Brains Trust boys, or Huxley's Hoplitcs, died away the other day—it's the first really comic show Broadcasting House has yet put on, don't you think?—we decided their cross-talk act is funnier than all the astrologers, being more richly priggish, portentous, and omniscient. All the astrologers, that is, bar one.

There seems to be something to Michel Nostradamus (Nostradamus) whose prophecies one of the more intelligent weeklies has been re-examining with cool detachment. A chap who, writing in the 1550's and in verse, can foretell among other things such facts as the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, World War I., the rise of Hitler, World War II., the conquest of Europe, and the collapse of France, with such minor details as the bombing of Tours and Naples thrown in, is something different from the ruck of those vague, timid, bumbling, oh-so-careful little buddies of the stars who twitter in Fleet Street, you'll admit. Still to come apparently is a British landing in France, great battles on the Rhone and in the Jura, the ultimate rejection of Nazi paganism by the Germans, and—soon after 1961—the establishing of the administrative centre of the British Empire outside England, which is what one or two ardent Imperialists have been demanding for some time.

Footnote

NOSTRADAMUS doesn't say when the war will end, he awards no definite victory, and he predicts a lot more merry hell for Europe before the worst is over. Apart from those of St. Odile of Alsace, who was not an astrologer, his prophecies for our future seem the only ones with a ring of probability. If you're such a glutton for present punishments that you long to know what more is coming to you, despite the merciful veils of Providence, we should say Nostradamus is the lad for your money. Enquirers to "Auntie Zaza" at the British Museum on the subject may get an answer, or maybe a thick ear.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"So they've made yer a corporal, mate. Well, I was nearly made one meself once; if I 'adn't 'ad influence I would 'ave been"

Mother and Son

The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Smyly with David Henry

The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Smyly was Dorothy Margaret Berry, the third of the five daughters of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch, before she married Major Dennis Smyly in 1939. Their son, David Henry, was born in March this year. Mrs. Smyly is at present living at her mother's home, Woolton House, near Newbury, where these photographs were taken. She is working as a V.A.D. at Newbury Hospital, and is also a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and finds time to look after her small son as well. Major Smyly, who is in the 16th/5th Lancers, is a son of the late Major and Mrs. Smyly, of Sweetthay Court, Trull, Devon. His elder brother married Miss Diana Mills in 1939

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Our Dutch Allies

NETHERLANDS subjects in this hemisphere were cheered by Princess Juliana's cheerful mien and appreciation of their efforts during her visit from Canada. "She's very capable," they say, "and will show all her mother's ability, you wait." Well, all are waiting: English, Dutch, Norwegians and the rest, waiting and striving for better times.

The Netherlands Trade and Shipping headquarters in New York is run by Cornelius Dresselhuys with "big business" volunteers—Mr. Willem Koper, head of the biggest shipping company in the Dutch East Indies, and half-American Philippe von Hemert, who has represented the Twentsche Bank in New York these twenty years; it is his family bank, one of the four oldest in Holland, corresponding to our Big Five. Working long hours amid emergencies, which one look at a map of the Pacific will indicate, these men are upheld by the knowledge that the United States means "business" if—some say when—the prevailing threat is implemented.

Who's Where

LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN, who brought grandchildren to Canada last year, is at Southampton L.I., where "vacationers" include Mme. Paul Dupuy, Baronne Eugene ("Kitty") de Rothschild, Prince and Princess Francis Windisch-Graetz, and Mrs. Gwynne, with son Erskine from Paris.

Among evacuated mothers, none works harder than the Crown Princess of Norway, whose children cross the stirring pages of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's *Mission to the North*, a war book you must not miss.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is of course at Newport—she belongs to the vintage which cannot envisage anywhere else in August—entertaining for debutante Nandine Szecheny,



Glamour Girl Married

Miss Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, whose glamour-girl fame in England outstripped all but Hollywood stars, was married recently to Mr. John Sims Kelly. They were married in the New York apartment of her mother, Mrs. Fredric Watriss, with a reception at the Ritz-Carlton

whose mother was a Vanderbilt and whose father used to represent his country at what Americans love to call euphoniously the Court of Saint James.

American Debutantes

TRICKLING out before winter include several of interest in England—namely, Vivian Stokes, sister of Marysol and stepdaughter of the former M.P., Henry Drummond-Wolff (now living here with his American wife); Gloria Vanderbilt, niece of Thelma Lady Furness (who is living in California); and Cynthia Howe, whose father, when free, is going to marry Mrs. Betty Shevlin Smith, one of the fiery Americans who impressed London in the 'thirties, stayed with the Duchess of Sutherland, and hunted in couples with the beautiful Mrs. Alan Ryan, now Mrs. "Will" Stewart.

Diana Gambrell is another whose parents are known in England, having hunted around Badminton. Incidentally, Gloria Vanderbilt makes no bid to be a leading lovely; all she wants is peace and quiet, it seems, and to marry a young man who is in the Army.

Talking of matrimony, a young six-goal polo player, Charlie von Stade, who belongs to the Meadowbrook team with Stewart B. Iglehart, Peter Grace and Michael Phipps, has chosen one of the sweetest girls I have met here—Miss Sara Clucas, a great-niece of Mr. Henry Bull, the courtly old-world president of the Turf and Field Club. Another niece is Mrs. Fred Astaire.

Polo Result

THE aforesaid M.B.s beat Texas (Cecil Smith, G. H. Bostwick, E. T. Gerry and A. L. Corey, Junr.) in a tight finish 8—6, watched by nearly 9000 who paid for the privilege, receipts going to the U.S.O. Camp Upton band played; Major-General Irving Philipson presented prizes, and there was a display of fighting equipment as a side-show. All very encouraging and warlike.

Polo wives and sisters watching included Mrs. J. Averill Clarke, Mrs. "Mike" Phipps, Mrs. "Johnny" Fell, Miss Dolly van Stade (whose picture you saw at Aiken), Miss Wendy Iglehart of *Harper's Bazaar*, Mrs. Harold Talbott, Mrs. "Tommy" Hitchcock and Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge, Junr., nee Loew, who is a first cousin of our own Mrs. Stanley-Clarke.

People Who Do Things

MISS DOROTHY PARKER, the poet, has written: "People who do things exceed my endurance,

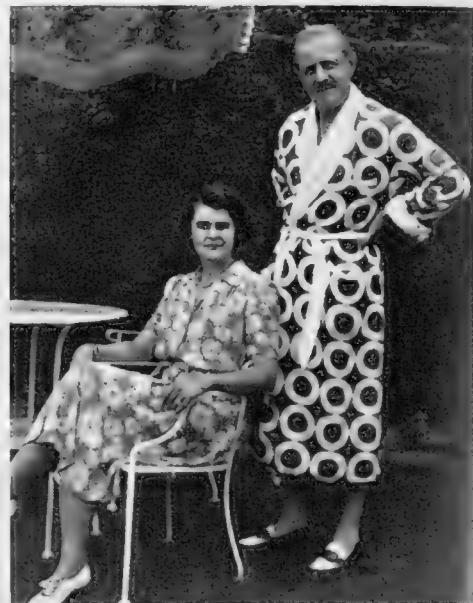
God, for a man who solicits insurance."

When stunned by pseudo-intellectuals we cordially agree with her, but on Long Island, where riding, swimming, Red Cross, bridge, "Bundles," beach picnics for the children, B.W.R., golf, and defence preparations make the summer pattern, there is certain thrill in hearing from those doing "big" things; for example, Captain Harold Balfour, who has "zipped up" the tempo in Ottawa, where the war effort was already prodigious.

Then comes news of Dr. Hendrik Van Loon, the writer, who has so worn himself out with anti-Hitler activities that he has been put to bed. His honourable plight comes to mind, because there is a portrait of him by Joep Nicolas in the summer exhibition at East Hampton, the "show" village of Long Island's south shore.

A Dutch Master

JOEP NICOLAS most emphatically does things; he paints portraits and landscapes; illustrates books; designs posters and church altars in his native Holland, where the great allegorical stained-glass windows in the Gothic Hall of the University of Utrecht are his. Sculpture he leaves to Susanne Nicolas, whose head of Aldous



Dutch Sunday-Off

Mrs. Philippe von Hemert (née Ogden) is the wife of a Dutchman who is a voluntary member of the Netherlands Trade and Shipping Commission. Head of it is Mr. C. W. Dresselhuys, with Mrs. von Hemert here. She also works hard for the Netherlands cause

Huxley is in the same room as his portrait of Mrs. Aldous Huxley, an advanced work by London standards, other than those upheld by the Leicester Galleries.

The author of *Chrome Yellow*, who wrote the "blurb" for the catalogue, thinks Nicolas "combines the incompatible qualities of facility and solidity" and, incidentally, refers to "the brilliant cheapness of Sargent," which reversible jibe indicates that Sargent could paint, contrary evidence to the contrary.

A Great American Architect

JUDGING by the entirely appropriate, countrified Guild Hall on East Hampton's village green, Ayman Embury is a great architect. The more I see of modern American architecture, the more I hope its rich, controlled variety will be adopted and adapted when re-building time comes to England. "Facility and solidity" are its hall-marks, plus, in Embury's case, a craftsman's loving attention to detail and delicacy of invention.

Americans are particularly good at ornamental posts and rails, or fences, and, of course, at variations on the indigenous porch. The national pastime is not hustling, as you have been led to suppose by the movies (made, for the most part, by racials who have not been, and probably never can be, wholly nationalised), but rocking on the porch, watching the neighbours therefrom, and passing pithy comments thereon.

Stage and Screen

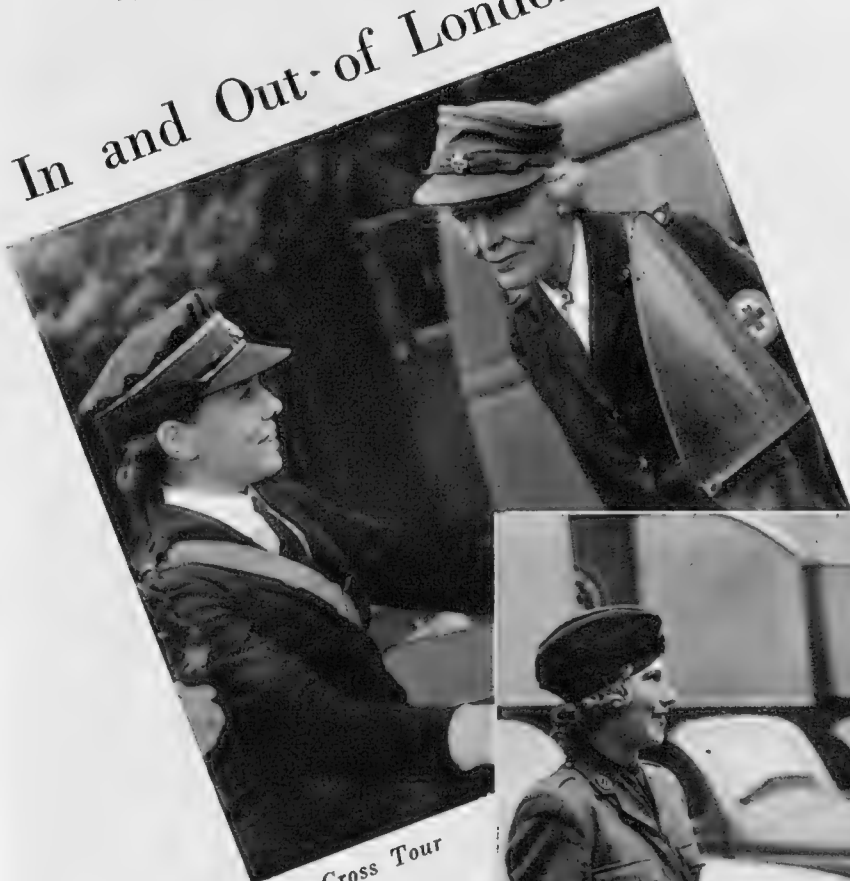
MARGARET WEBSTER, now one of the most sought-after stage directors in the country, is at Maplewood, N.J., rehearsing a Swede, Ingrid Bergman, in Pauline Lord's great part, *Anna Christie*, another Eugene O'Neill revival. Wallace Beery is in Hollywood being tested for Pablo in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Hedy Lamarr, of all unsuitable choices, is being tried for Marvin Myles, the shadowy heroine of *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, the Bostonian novel, a restrained, sometimes pallid, but always consistent work which reminds me of Galsworthy at his best—in tauter form.

The Albert de Courvilles are missing from the Savoy Grill as he is working in Hollywood. Alice Markova, Anton Dolin and Co. are at Lee, Massachusetts, in the international dance festival, keeping British ballet in mind.

Judith Anderson is reading *Macbeth* again, as Maurice Evans has chosen her to play opposite him in the Fall—you last saw her in '39 at the Old Vic with Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Scot.

In and Out of London



Red Cross Tour

Mrs. Dwight Davis, National Director of the Volunteer Special Services of the American Red Cross, is one of the many distinguished Americans visiting this country. The photograph above was taken during her tour of Red Cross and St. John War Organisation departments, when she was talking to a young Red Cross despatch rider, Miss Barbara Horley, of Hove, whose motor-bike was presented by the American Red Cross



Ambulance Driver and Minister of Food

David James Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson Stewart, was christened in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. His father has been Liberal National Member for East Fife since 1933. His mother was Miss Anna Greenwell before her marriage last year, and is the fourth sister of Captain Sir Peter Greenwell, Bt.

Lord Woolton recently received from Lady Reading, president of the British section of the World Jewish Congress, seven mobile canteens presented by the Jewish community of Mexico. Two canteens were handed to the British Legion, three to the Y.M.C.A., and two to the Mechanised Transport Corps. On the left, Lord Woolton is talking to Miss Cecilia Colledge, ice-skating star and former world champion, who is now an M.T.C. canteen driver



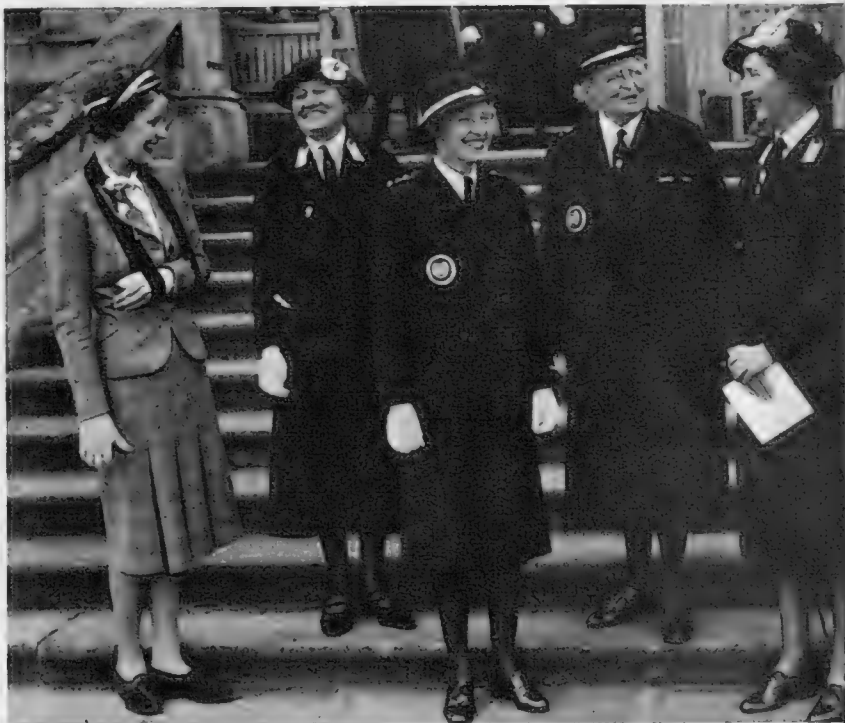
Christening of an M.P.'s Son



Johnson, Oxford

A Trio in Oxford

Lord Berners was photographed in Oxford with Miss Gay Margesson, daughter of Captain David Margesson, and the Hon. Richard Cecil. Lord Berners, who is working for the Oxford Blood Transfusion Service, has recently published a witty fantasia about Oxford called "Far from the Madding War"



Holloway, Northampton

A Quintet in Northamptonshire

Here are five officials of the Northamptonshire St. John Ambulance Brigade: Countess Spencer, vice-president; Mrs. M. Garrard, vice-president; Mrs. G. R. D. Shaw, lady county officer; Mrs. J. Jennings, lady county superintendent; and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, vice-president

Sarah Churchill at the "Q"

In "The Trial of Madame Conti,"

Produced by Co-Author Ben W. Levy

A recent revival at the "Q" Theatre, at Kew Bridge, was *The Trial of Madame Conti*, of which the joint authors are Hubert Griffith and Ben Levy. Miss Sarah Churchill played in the name-part, as Madame Conti, a woman on trial for murder, and gave an outstanding performance. Esmé Percy, Stanley Lothbury, and Ian Fleming were also in the cast. The Prime Minister's daughter is very popular with the local audiences, and has acted at the "Q" in *Murder in Mayfair*, *Outward Bound*, and, in July, made her debut as a Barrie heroine there in *Mary Rose*. Mrs. Churchill went to see her daughter in *Madame Conti*, which played to crowded houses every night. Nearly every leading English stage star and many film-actors as well, have been seen on the stage at the "Q." Since its opening in 1924, under the direction of Jack and Beatrice Leon, this theatre has produced 750 plays, many of which have afterwards been transferred to the West End, the latest being *Rise Above It*, the successful revue now at the Comedy Theatre

Esmé Percy had his dog and Sarah Churchill as guests at the "Q" Theatre club bar, presided over by Mrs. Delaper. Esmé Percy produced "Mary Rose" at the "Q" last July, and also appeared in "Madame Conti"

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Picking Oakum



The Accused and Her Defending Counsel (Ian Fleming)



Sarah Churchill in a Dramatic Scene in "The Trial of Madame Conti"

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Au Revoir

TODAY the Editor has written asking me to write a "Valediction." The word sounds awful to me—rather like engraving one's own memorial tablet, snuggling down in some cemetery and drawing one's tombstone over one like a blanket! And with nothing very much to inscribe on the tombstone except to state that I have been writing these pages for much longer than I care to remember. In fact, I can't quite remember for how long, but it must be in the neighbourhood of thirty years! (Well, well! And dearie me!) But they have been very happy years—happy *working years* anyway. I have made so many "Silent Friends" during the time that I feel at the moment rather as if I were breaking up my own party when everybody seemed, at least, to be enjoying themselves, but I wanted to go to bed!

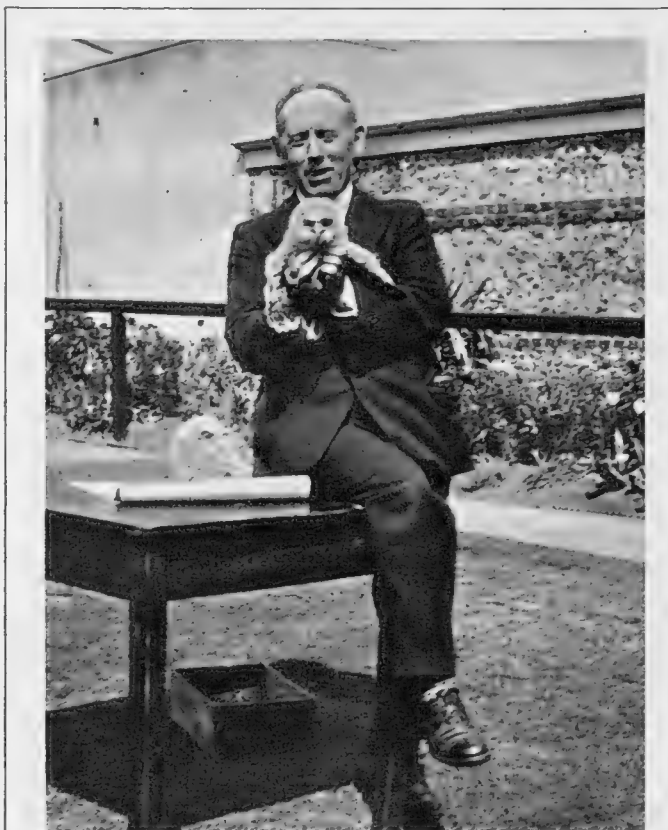
I dare say I have made some "Silent Enemies" also, but not too many I believe. I have written books myself and hope to write some more. I know therefore what midnight sweat and agony of mind go into the writing of even the most trivial love-story. So I have always felt that if really I must "let down" an author, I must not, so to speak, kick him down. Unless, of course, he is already very successful, when he is impervious to kicks. Most of us are, I suppose, under such a circumstance.

However, in case those who have enjoyed reading "With Silent Friends" in the past imagine that all is over between us, let me assure them—it is not! I look forward to being like Madame Patti, who, I believe, gave so many "Farewell Performances" that they almost constituted a new career. (Still, it must really be rather difficult, when one has been continuously singing about "Home, Sweet Home" all over the world, to settle down in one—especially if a plump impresario, with a nuge gold watch-and-chain, lures you with filthy lucre, which in your own pocket looks so clean!) Therefore I return to these pages in a month's time—not, however, dragging around a parcel of new books in my wake, but bringing only "myself" with a weekly essay about Life in general and some of its strange, perplexing, joyful and revolting ingredients in particular.

Preserve Me from "Ruts"

I CAN only add here that *you have been warned!* What trend these essays will take I know not. I am on holiday at the moment, and the best thing about a holiday is to have no ideas at all, except that it sometimes seems not a bad idea to have been born at all—war or no war. Anyway, I hope they will meander, because I like meandering. Even Heaven, if it be at all

as described by those who seem to know all about it, could easily go on too long. As for life, half its fascination consists in suddenly finding yourself somewhere you least expected to arrive at in the beginning, and having to adjust yourself continuously to each astonishing new circumstance. That, anyway, prevents you from getting really old; even



Richard King Retires

After some thirty years of book-reviewing for "The Tatler," Richard King has decided to resign from the position which he has filled with so much charm, ability and distinction. His wit and wisdom have made so many friends that our readers will learn of his retirement with more than a passing regret. But although this is the last time his name will appear below the familiar title of "With Silent Friends," his admirers will be glad to know that his retirement is only partial. Beginning in the issue of October 1st, Richard King, seen in this snapshot with his two pet owls, will write a weekly essay in the same kindly, philosophic vein which has run through these pages for so many years. His successor as "The Tatler and Bystander" book critic will be announced in due course; meanwhile, Christopher St. John will deputise during September

though, at the moment, lumbago, stiff joints and your first set of false teeth may be sadly colouring your philosophy with exasperation-cum-gloom!

Indeed, I sincerely hope I shall never finally get into a rut, because once in a rut you have almost finished learning. And I, for happiness or sorrow, am always wanting to learn—especially about myself and other people. (I shall never be able to tell you pat what nine-times-eight may be or five-per-cent. on any sum less than One Hundred pounds, though I live to be a hundred!) Fortunately for these my wishes, I have,

since round about 1915, been fated to half-live so many other people's lives, and now, since the second World War started, I have begun again to half-live fresh ones equally intimately, I shall probably be very nearly wise when everyone else will consider me to be entirely useless. Still, that is Life—that was!

A Delightfully Meandering Book

WELL, if my new series of weekly essays are to meander, I hope they will meander as pleasantly as Lin Yutang does in his new book, *With Love and Irony* (Heinemann; ros. 6d.). I hesitate, however, to call it a perfect bedside book. My own books have been called that and I am still in doubt as to whether to consider it a compliment or not. I laugh to myself when I picture one of my readers listening to my "thunder" and thankfully getting drowsier and drowsier. It makes me smile, though not in the least wryly, when I am expected to take as a bouquet the fact that what I have written is loved as a pleasant alternative to counting sheep! It puts me on a level with warm baths, hot toddies and all those milk preparations which, as advertised, re-vitalise the whole nervous system in a night!

Therefore, I will not call Lin Yutang's new book an ideal bedside book at all, because actually it kept me awake! The chapters are so short and all are so full of humour or of wisdom, with interesting bits of information concerning the problems of modern China thrown in, that, when I came to the end of each, I said to myself, "I will read just one more." And so it was one o'clock in the morning before I finally read: "Moralists, for example, seem to despise the act of lying in bed, and theologians used to think that to be uncomfortable was to be virtuous. But in the soldier at the front the conviction must sooner or later grow that lying in bed is one of the supreme gifts of civilisation and that to sleep with one's boots off is an incomparably truer form of living than sleeping with one's boots on!" And this comes on page 251 and is the last paragraph in the book!

The Happy Philosophy to Be Found in Simple Living

OF course, whenever an author meanders, however delightfully, he is bound to land on some trivial patches now and then. One or two included in *With Love and Irony*—King George's Prayer, for example, translated into the Chinese manner—can be read only once; but, for the rest, their charm can easily bear repetition again and again—like *Cranford* or the novels of Jane Austen, to give my own favourite examples.

I love the easy yet convincing way in which Lin Yutang persuades you into that state of mind which realises, clearly and unmistakably once again, what a happy philosophy can be discovered in the simpler joys of life. For this discovery is one of the arts of living, though it usually takes you a lifetime to learn it.

Also from time to time he brings that dryly humorous Oriental observation towards the problems which beset our Western civilisation which is like a mild "tonic" because it makes us see his "stranger's"

(Concluded on page 310)



The Walrus and the Catapult

By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

This imaginative picture of what might happen when a Walrus aircraft is prematurely catapulted from the depths of a cruiser shows how the Royal Australian Navy do *not* conduct operations. This particular cruiser looks very like the Sydney, whose sister-ships are the Hobart and Perth. The small boat which has been accidentally pulled out from the "chocks" is a Montague whaler. The Walrus is a flying-boat (for reconnaissance) and not a seaplane, which has floats, and is carried by all ships other than aircraft-carriers

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

point—and laugh! As, for example, how great a mess Men have made of this world, especially after the last war. "We really ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Economic conferences failed. Disarmament conferences failed. Man has failed. . . . Now I don't care what happens." While men talked in white kid gloves, the war clouds loomed. When the girls say they want to try, I say, 'Go to it, and may God bless you! You can't possibly make a worse job of it than I have.' So, for my part, I am going to resign and hand over the government of the world to the Broadway babies and older girls, and if I can save enough money, I am going to hide myself in the South Sea Islands or the African jungles. And when civilisation goes up in a gigantic, spectacular conflagration, I can say to myself on top of an African tree, 'Oh, God, at least I have been honest with myself.'"

Yet, most fascinating of all, perhaps, are the nostalgic chapters which tell us of Ancient China before the political bug bit all the world and everybody began to know the one solution and nobody agreed. It is this mixture of seriousness-with-a-smile and laughter-with-a-serious-face which makes this book so companionable and so very, very readable.

Thoughts from "With Love and Irony"

"PROGRESS in Europe is the result not of the white man's thinking, but of his lack of thinking."

"England has always fought the right war and always given wrong reasons for her choice."

"The Englishman is imposing, just as solitude is imposing. A man who can sit

all by himself at a club party and look damned comfortable is always imposing."

"A cocktail party is a place where you talk with a person you do not know about a subject you have no interest in."

"You cannot make a philosophic individual into a good citizen."

"Yes, there are tears in this life, and what matters after all is what we cry at."

"People move into a three-room flat and then wonder why the younger generation never stays at home."

"The more I read the more ignorant I become. The choice to-day before any educated man is between unread innocence and well-read ignorance."

The Real and the Fictitious

AFTER reading Bessy Myers' story of her adventures in France immediately after the German occupation, *Captured* (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), I am beginning to realise that writers of thrillers must be having an uphill climb with so many real events happening of suspense and excitement. This book, for example, is one of the most thrilling war stories which I have read. Miss Myers was in the thick of it when the German Army overran northern France. She was serving as an ambulance driver when she was



Pennies for the Red Cross

Lord Southwood, chairman of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, receives a cheque for 50,000 pennies, representing two weeks' contributions by the 25,000 members of the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, from Mr. J. H. Shaw, the retiring president of the Federation. The Penny-a-Week Fund, which has such wonderful support from all over the country, has now made contributions amounting to nearly £1,000,000 to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund

captured by the Germans. She was struck in the face by a wounded German almost as soon as she was in their power. Apparently, the idea of a woman driving an ambulance at all staggered them. Her spirit, however, remained undaunted and, so far as words were concerned, she gave better than she got. Later she was imprisoned in the disgustingly dirty Cherche-Midi prison in Paris, and here her account of her treatment confirms all the worst stories we have been told of Nazi brutality and hoggishness.

Nevertheless, her courage never wavered and it was by sticking relentlessly to her purpose that at long last she managed to get away and to reach Lisbon and home. Her story is both moving and horrible, but it is admirably told. And the sidelights it throws upon the German soldiery are intensely interesting. For example, we are told that they listen regularly to dance music coming from the B.B.C. and admire it; the news, of course, they are forbidden to hear. And she has something good to say about the German professional soldier, but little about the German civil authorities who, so to speak, follow in their wake.

Indeed, her story is so vivid and exciting that Elizabeth Ferrars' otherwise excellent thriller, *Death in Botanist's Bay* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), does not quite get its full effect if you read it immediately afterwards. The mystery concerns a suicide. A botanist tried to kill himself, is prevented, but the next day is found dead in his laboratory. This time it looks like murder. Most of the characters—and, incidentally, these are very well drawn—are suspected in turn, and the final solution is logical, though it comes as a surprise—as, of course, it should. Briefly, a new detective you should not miss.



Russian Films for England

First of the many Russian films which will be shown in Great Britain in return for the British documentaries which have been flown to Russia is "A Day in Soviet Russia." This has a commentary by Mr. Quentin Reynolds, whose broadcasts to Goebbels and Hitler (Mr. Schickelgruber) have endeared him to thousands of listeners here. Mr. Reynolds and M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, saw the film together recently at a private showing

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Caulcutt—Von Hartz

John Anthony (Jimmy) Caulcutt, R.N., only son of Sir John and Lady Caulcutt, of Oaklands, Watford, Herts., and Elsie Von Hartz, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Von Hartz, of Appletree Court, Lyndhurst, Hants. (formerly of New Jersey, U.S.A.), were married at Christ Church, Emery Down, Hants. His father is a director of Barclay's Bank



Wedd—Saunderson

Flying-Officer W. B. (Michael) Wedd, R.A.F., and Joan Saunderson, younger daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. J. V. Saunderson, of Honeybottom, Newbury, Berks., and niece of Lord Dunleath, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. He is the only son of Major W. B. Wedd, Canadian Army, and Mrs. Wedd, of Toronto



Pratt—Page

Poole, Dublin

Captain Reginald Michael Pratt, Northumberland Fusiliers, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pratt, of Naas, Co. Kildare, and Diana Mary Page, daughter of the late Charles Percy Page, of Calcutta, and Mrs. Frank Boylan, of Millcent, Sallins, Co. Kildare, were married at St. Patrick's, Clane, Co. Kildare

Flt. - Lieut. Robert Jack Dunlop-Mackenzie, R.A.F., younger son of A. Dunlop-Mackenzie, of Kilfinan, Argyll, and Mrs. Hubbard, of Ferry Cottage, Benson, Oxon., and Letitia King, elder daughter of Cyril King, K.C., and Mrs. King, of 38, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, were married at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace



Dunlop-Mackenzie—King



Triat—Saurat

Louis Alberto Triat, Free French Forces, son of Mr. and Mrs. Georges Triat, of Santiago, Chile, and Cécile Irène Blanche Saurat, second daughter of Professor and Mme. Denis Saurat, of 33, Cromwell Road, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Oratory. Her father is head of the French Institute

Lieut. George Henry Grenfell Crane, R.N., only son of Captain H. B. Crane, R.N., and Mrs. Crane, of the White Lodge, Fareham, Hants., now in Australia, and Mary Bridgewater Williams, W.R.N.S., daughter of Major R. C. B. Williams, of Bradley Court, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos., and the late Mrs. Williams, were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea

(Concluded on page 314)



Crane—Williams

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Earth-Stopping

WHEN the perpetrator of ruthless murder, the robber of hen-roosts, the slaughterer of lambs finds all the earths stopped into which he might pop and escape the penalty which he has so richly earned, what must be his state of mind? Two great men have just said that peace must not bring destitution even to the guilty; and that is a very noble sentiment, but it cannot mean that the murderers are to go scot-free. Where can these roost-robbers and lamb-slaughterers hope to find sanctuary when they are forced away into the open and compelled to fly for their lives? All the earths are stopped: there is not even a stick-heap under which they can crawl. And even supposing that there were, is there even an outside chance that the huntsman would not at once organise digging operations, believing that his hounds deserved blood? This is no case in which it is possible to say to a gallant opponent: "Good luck to you, Charles, if you beat us to-day!" War will always be war, but murder still remains murder.

The Leger Betting

THE prices quoted after Newbury and Mazarin's win over 1 m. 5 fur. did not tell anyone anything that he did not know already. There was not much money for anything—and the favourite, Owen Tudor, was backed at 11 to 2—and Devonian, who, as some believe, but personally I do not, could have won the Derby if he had

not met with some slight interference, at 100 to 12. The interference happened some distance from home, and he finished a well-beaten horse.

Chateau Larose was backed at 9 to 1, and this may yet prove to be a nice wager, for "I think that it is almost certain that he would have beaten Mazarin in the Andover Plate on August 8th if he had not come on the scene so late. It is quite true that he was going two strides to the one of the three in front of him. It all depends upon how good we think that Mazarin is, and whether we believe he could have beaten Owen Tudor at level weights over 1 m. 5 fur. The form in the Derby says "No!"

Sun Castle was on offer at 100 to 7. I wonder whether odds of 100 to 1 would have attracted any support. That is round about the right price on his Derby performance. He started at 6 to 1 for the big race, thanks to the terrific boosting he had had from Newmarket, where he is trained. On the book he had no title to any such price, and he will have to be anything from a stone upwards better than he was then if he is to win the Leger.

My ideas about that race on the 6th of next month are: Owen Tudor to win, Chateau Larose a place, and Orthodox might be worth a small bet for a place.

A Loss to Army Polo

THE much-regretted death of Colonel H. C. Walford is as great a loss to the world of Army polo as it is to his brother-



Sir Pelham Warner's XI. v. the R.A.F.

Sergeant L. Hutton (Yorkshire) and J. R. Bridger (Surrey) opened the batting for Sir Pelham Warner's XI., which beat the R.A.F. by 26 runs in a recent one-day match at Lord's. It was bowlers' day, and wickets fell with lightning rapidity, 28 batsmen being dismissed for 245 runs

officers of the 17th-21st Lancers; it is equally a bereavement to hosts of his friends in and out of the Service.

The last time that Colonel Walford represented the linked regiments' team in the Inter-Regimental in England was in 1930, when they beat the Queen's Bays 8—1 in what was naturally a somewhat one-sided game. The two regiments were old foemen,



Captain Sir Lauriston Arnott and Mrs. Arthur Pollok came prepared for showers at Phoenix Park, Dublin. Sir Lauriston Arnott is the Irish newspaper owner, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1940. Mrs. Pollok's husband was Joint-Master of the Limerick Hounds from 1928 to 1930



Miss Ethel Jameson, on leave from war work in Northern Ireland, and Miss Corinne Odium, the daughter of Mr. Claude Odium, the Irish racehorse owner, watched the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley's The Moderator win the Nobber Plate. Miss Jameson's home is Drumleck House, Bailly, Co. Dublin



Poole, Dublin

Watching Mr. B. Kerr's First House win the Naas Selling Plate were Lord de Freyne and his mother. Lady de Freyne is a daughter of the late Sir John Arnott, and her son succeeded his father as seventh Baron in 1935, and lives at French Park, Co. Roscommon



Fencer on Holiday Johnson, Oxford

Pilot-Officer S. Cromarty-Dickson, on leave from the R.A.F., takes a walk round Oxford. Before the war he was the Professor of Fencing at the University, and was very popular with his pupils

for it was their third meeting in the final, and the 17th-21st's tenth victory in that tournament after the last war. They won it in England from 1920 to 1930; the 17th won on the Rhine in 1919, and before the first German War in 1903 and 1904. In India, the 17th Lancers won in 1888, 1889, 1913 and 1914, a total record now never likely to be beaten.

The side with which Colonel Walford was so closely identified lined up like this: R. B. B. Cooke (1) D. C. J. Miller (2), H. C. Walford (3), V. N. Lockett (back), and a good team it was. Colonel Vivian Lockett was of course a remnant of the original 17th Lancers side which started that famous series of victories which I have just catalogued (T. P. Melvill, H. B. Turnor, V. N. Lockett, and D. C. Boles), and both "Shabash" Melvill and Vivian Lockett, as the polo world well knows, were subsequently Internationals; Vivian many times, "Shabash" only once.

Colonel Walford was the best expression of the soldier player, and was only just short of something higher than regimental class. A very good horseman, a fine hitter of the ball, with a very cool and understanding head, even in the hottest of the battle. If polo is ever to come back, it will still be the Army, Navy and Air Force which will revive it, and that is why Colonel Walford's death, personal reasons quite apart, is so great a loss.

Arme Blanche

OUR Russian allies, so we are told, have an enormous number of divisions of that supposedly obsolete arm, horsed cavalry, and that, in the peculiar warfare which the lightning, or blitz, movement of mechanised cavalry has brought about, these troops have played a useful part, and have even got into action with what we call the arme blanche. Roads being difficult, a mechanised attack is apt to reach the apex of its momentum; anything in the way of broken infantry or dismounted mechanised cavalry is peculiarly vulnerable to any attack by troops employing the cold steel, be it sword, lance or another supposedly obsolete weapon, the bayonet, for which last neither the Germans nor their Italian batmen have any stomach.

It may well be, therefore, that the Russian horsed cavalry regiments have had their chance in support of operations by what have been called guerillas, but which, of course, cannot be anything of the sort, but are little pockets of regular troops purposely left behind as clogs on the wheel of the attack.

Lance v. Sword

WE know so very little about the Russian Army, save that it is numerically very strong and highly mechanised, that it is not prudent to hazard any guess as to with which weapon their cavalry divisions are armed, but it is a fair conjecture that a large proportion consists of lancer units. In the pursuit of broken troops, the lance must, I suggest, be given pride of place; in close combat it cannot claim the same advantage as the sword.

Such horsed cavalry as we had left, or may still have, was not armed with the knightly weapon, but with a thin thrusting sword, which someone has said is better than the more ancient cut-and-thrust implement; it has also been claimed, so I understand, that with the new thrusting weapon the cavalry soldier can reach out farther in

front of his horse than he can with a lance. Nothing has been advanced as to the respective powers of the point. The lancer has the sling of his weapon to give him a very considerable purchase, and he is also well versed in how to use the butt. A thrusting weapon is not always easy to disengage; a really good cutting one, such, for instance, as the old, slightly curved sabre and the Indian tulwar, are never "engaged" in the same degree, and in close and confused combat have been held to be more effective than any thrusting attack. Even in quite modern times one of these cutting swords has been known to decapitate an adversary, who might have escaped scathless if attacked with the modern first cousin to the épée. The incident, no report of which ever got into the papers, happened on manœuvres in India. The cavalry screens of the opposing forces had clashed, and were busy doing the job assigned to them—i.e., driving the other chap off with the view of not allowing him to get a look behind the scenes. One regiment had caught its opposite number bending, and was coming in, yelling blood and murder, and had so much steam on that it seemed impossible that it could pull up. The C.O.'s trumpeter, anyway, did not think so. For the work for which this Russian cavalry is destined—operations against any disintegrated troops, whether tank crews which have been compelled to forsake their vehicles, or against supporting infantry, carried to the scene of conflict in portees—the lance would most probably prove the best possible tool.

At the moment, however, there is so much fog about this war that we cannot glean a very great deal. One fact, however, seems to stand out, namely, that it is quite unsafe, even in view of the tremendous development of the war chariot and fire power, to ticket any weapon obsolete. Conditions must always govern cases. They have said ere now that catapults and hand-grenades were obsolete, and as for the ballista! . . .



A Battalion of the Green Howards Somewhere in England

D. R. Stuart

(Front row; sitting) Captain A. A. Barber, Majors F. S. S. Lamprey, A. Parrott (second in command), the Commanding Officer, Captain H. D. Whitehead, M.C. (adjutant), Major W. Lacy, Captains W. N. Jackson, B. V. Rhodes. (Centre) Sec.-Lieuts. C. G. D. Swinnerton, L. H. Peers, C. G. Browning, A. E. Green, Lieut. and Quartermaster A. N. Evans, Lieut. R. H. Lloyd (The Loyal Regiment), Sec.-Lieuts. K. Watson, A. G. M. Richards. (Back row) Sec.-Lieuts. A. W. W. Huntrods, I. T. R. Hay, H. L. Howard, G. B. Reid (Duke of Wellington's Regiment), F. A. Lax, I. S. M. Shaw, A. P. West, Lieut. H. P. Moor

Getting Married (Continued)



Blackmore — Morgan

Sub-Lieut. David Blackmore, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Blackmore, of Foxley Manor, Holyport, Berks., and Brenda Ruth Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Morgan, of Cannon Hill, Maidenhead, Berks., were married at St. Michael's, Bray



Halliday, Belfast

Copinger Hill — Spence

Sec.-Lieut. John Copinger Hill, son of Major and Mrs. Copinger Hill, of North Curry, Somerset, was married recently to Patricia Spence, younger daughter of the late T. H. Spence, and Mrs. Spence, of Montpelier, Malone Road, Belfast



Shaw — Cumberland

Peter Shaw, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Shaw, of Woodlands, Castleconnell, Co. Limerick, and Alison Faithfull Cumberland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Cumberland, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, were married at St. Mary's, Oatlands, Weybridge



Lenare

Daphne Balders

Daphne Fairlie Balders, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. D. V. Balders, of Cleveragh, Waverley Drive, Camberley, is engaged to Lieut. David Treherne, son of E. A. Treherne, and Mrs. Treherne, of Hollow Hill, Ditchingham, Norfolk



Harlip

Nancy Margetson

Nancy Ruth Margetson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Margetson, of Wingham, near Canterbury, is engaged to Captain Edward Daly Lewis, Intelligence Corps, eldest son of the late Dr. Lewis, and Mrs. Lewis, of 30, Weymouth Street, W.1



Anthony

Daphne Coates

Daphne Veronica Coates, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Coates, of Pennington Chase, Lymington, Hants., has announced her engagement to Sub-Lieut. Owen Henry Wilson Richards, R.N.V.R., elder son of H. Richards, Hinde House, W.1



Elliott and Fry

Meares — Harcourt-Vernon

Squadron Leader Stanley T. Meares, D.F.C., R.A.F., and Estevana Elizabeth (Dimpy) Harcourt-Vernon were married at St. Peter's, Frimley. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Meares, of the Rowans, Ash Vale, Surrey. She is the only child of the late J. W. C. Harcourt-Vernon, and Mrs. A. G. Warren, of Fir Acre, Ash Vale



Bassano

Beatrix Murray Baillie and Lieut. Finlay, R.N.

Lieut. David A. K. Finlay, R.N., younger son of the late W. Francis Finlay, W.S., and Mrs. Christian Smyth Muir, of 19, Dich Place, Edinburgh, is engaged to Beatrix Edmonde Murray Baillie, only daughter of the late Captain Murray Baillie, and Mrs. Murray Baillie, of 16, Kensington Square, W.8, now at the Cottage, Brownover, Rugby

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King Charles the Second +
presenting the Royal Charter*

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CHILDREN'S WARTIME FASHIONS

by M. E. BROOKE



Wools specially suitable for children's wear are made in Great Britain by Dunbar and Nairn of Glasgow and sold by practically all wool and other shops of prestige. It is a boy's knitted jersey which is portrayed above. For a child of one to two years old it takes 3 ozs. of 3-ply "Castle Nursery" Wool.



Every mother would be pleased to knit a jumper like the one pictured above. It only takes 3 ozs. of 3-ply "Castle Nursery" Wool. In these days when economy is absolutely necessary it is well worth remembering that this wool wears and washes extremely well.



How happy this little man looks in his knitted buster suit. 4 ozs. of the "Castle Nursery" Wool or of "Don" superfingering is all-sufficient for its creation. It can be relied upon not to shrink when washed according to the instructions given. This is an immense advantage.



A lucky elephant is embroidered on the front of this baby's romper made of "Castle Nursery" Wool. As will be seen, it is a two-piece affair with long sleeves. There are many other rompers all equally attractive. Honeycombing is sometimes used for decorative purposes.



All the world over women are seeking a reliable wool for knitting children's garments. Dunbar and Nairn of Glasgow are responsible for an infinite variety. Too much cannot be said in favour of their "Castle Nursery" Wool and "Don" superfingering; it is of these that the garments on this page are made. Furthermore, this firm issues booklets (price 3d.) containing knitting instructions. They are extremely simple to follow; there are many variations of each picture.

She is awfully proud of her walking suit as it is knitted in "Castle Nursery" Wool, and the bonnet too. She knows well that the breechettes will keep her delightfully warm. The wool is available in many attractive shades. The jumper on the right is for rather an older child and is likewise carried out in "Castle Nursery" Wool. Jumpers of a similar character may have long sleeves. They are all quite simple to knit with the aid of the instructions which are contained in the booklets. In this particular booklet there are instructions for four jumpers, all practical.

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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Aces or Not

TEAMS are sometimes tedious. It is human nature to enjoy putting individuals on pedestals and looking up to them, for the man is still mightier than the mob. But we cannot, in these squeamish times, return to the classic conception and put our contemporary gods and heroes on their pedestals in the nude.

Most of those who are now on stone or spiritual pedestals are old, hideous and gloomily garbed. They are the epitome of the umbrella age, representative gorgons of bureaucracy.

For them a frock-coat is better than a fig-leaf. Although their politics may claim our esteem, their physique could claim nothing but our contempt. Male or female, they have worn themselves out climbing on to that pedestal, and by the time they get there they are well on the way for the major involution and of no further interest to the management of the Windmill Theatre.

Only in war can the young aspire to become national heroes and to occupy places on pedestals. And in the air war especially the young are season pedestal-holders. In spite of the Air Ministry the public will have its aces.

Bombardiers

IN my opinion there is little harm and a lot of good in giving those who do well in the air their publicity. Yet the argument is that if you create aces, morale suffers unduly if they get shot down. This argument

was brought up again at the time Wing-Commander Bader and Flight-Lieut. Lock were reported missing.

There was a howl then about the ace-making industry, and it was said that all Royal Air Force work was team-work and that no individual should be singled out for pedestalisation.

Personally, I would like to see ace-making extended and amplified. I do not think it has ever done harm to the national effort. On the contrary, I think it does much good to the national effort, though it may not be so good for the aces themselves.

Fame, as a French author said, is often the mourning robe of happiness. And it was another Frenchman—still more celebrated—who recommended the formula: hide your life. No, it is not for the aces, but for the nation at large that ace-making is desirable and beneficial.

But it should not be confined to fighter-pilots. The air crews of the Bomber Command ought to be pedestals as much. Yet although I suppose that most members of the general public could mention four or five famous fighter-pilots straight off, I doubt if they could mention two bomber-pilots.

This should be repaired. Who, for instance, were the leaders of the Cologne low-flying daylight raid? And ought not all those who complete their period of so many hours operational flying on bombing duties to be accorded some mark to register the fact? It seems to me an obvious act of justice, for every one of those men has done as much for the country as the frock-coated pedestal-holders.

And the members of the air crews other than the pilots must be given their due—the air gunners, radio operators and bombardiers. And by the way, let them be called bombardiers and not that clumsy term, "bomb aimers." When the word is all-ready to hand it ought to be used.

From Land to Air

WHEN Wing-Commander Whitney Straight was posted as missing I was reminded of the large number of racing motor-car drivers who are serving in the Royal Air Force. It is presumably to be expected that the flying service should make a strong appeal to all who are on intimate terms with the internal combustion engine.

In the film *Target for To-night* John Cobb appears, and Tommy Wisdom is serving also in the R.A.F. That film, by the way, has been much praised. And it does seem to be good. But it fails, perhaps, to make the distinction clear between the small particle of the whole operation which is being dealt with and the vast total operation.

It tends to give the impression that the activities of one Wellington are occupying the entire attention of the Bomber Command. It is true, of course, that the attention of the film-watcher must be concentrated on the activities of that one Wellington. But there should always be the suggestion that large numbers of other aircraft are also engaged, otherwise a slightly false view of



D. R. Stuart

Golf Champion and His C.O.

Squadron-Leader A. S. Forbes (right), recently awarded the D.F.C., has a talk with Pilot-Officer P. B. Lucas, a former amateur golf champion. Pilot-Officer "Laddie" Lucas, a left-handed player, won the Boys' Championship in 1933. He captained the Cambridge team, and was the first British amateur in the Open in 1935

the scale of effort now being put out is given.

However, this is not more than a mild criticism, and there may be some who would argue that any attempt to give a background effect of large numbers of aircraft might have stolen the attention from the Wellington in which things were happening and being recorded.

I could not help remembering the remarkable Russian films that used to be shown at the Film Society before the war. They were in almost complete contrast with *Target for To-night*, in that they were nearly always concerned with vast activities and huge numbers of men and machines. They did introduce the individual action, but only to flash it in to build up the huge general scene.

I have never seen more impressive films than those. They were nearly all of them rather grim and misery-making, but of their power as film productions there was no doubt. They were the most powerful films ever shown in this country, and it was partly because they were so strong that they were not shown at the ordinary public cinemas.

Parabadge

I HAVE been a little worried about those parachute troop badges—not only our own, but also that adopted by the United States parachute troops.

They are somewhat similar, and they both show a parachute with wings on it. Heraldry and all the mumbo-jumbo of signs and badges is a mystery to me; but when a badge offends the logical sense directly one looks at it, I feel that it must be wrong.

To put wings and a parachute together is to produce a contradiction in terms. The two things do not and will not go together, because they have to do with methods of obtaining support from the air which are fundamentally different.

Our parachute troop badge is wrong, and it would be a wise move to change it at once. I believe that the Free French parachute troops have a better badge, though I have not seen it. There is no difficulty in designing a good parachute troop badge.



W.A.A.F. and R.A.F.

Air Commandant K. J. Trefusis Forbes, Director of the W.A.A.F., and Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage together inspected the W.A.A.F. personnel manning a London Balloon site, not long ago. Air Marshal Gossage is C.O. Balloon Command, and Air Commandant Trefusis Forbes holds the rank corresponding to Air Commodore in the R.A.F.

Midsummer scene, 194 - ?



The cuckoo, now distant, now close at hand, utters his liquid double-note. From beyond the steel-grey willows comes the sound of children's voices.

Children fishing—for sticklebacks and newts. Children—*whose freedom has been saved for them.*

The lock-keeper, pipe in mouth, waits, without hurry, for the moment when the swirl of water through the sluices shall cease. So that the slowly-opening gates can admit two punts, one skiff and three canoes. He—and all his customers—will sleep in their beds tonight *without fear*. No sirens, no poison gas, no stray bombs, no anxiety for loved ones fighting on land, sea, or in the sky.

For this is *the new world*—this is *peace*. This is the end of the war for freedom.

As it will be—when the time comes.

And over the English meadows, varnished with buttercups, there is a "Major Road Ahead." On which *free* people, escaping from city heat, ride merrily with their family and friends. The signposts are back again! Petrol is unrationed and abundant! The cars of *the new world* are very fast, very comfortable and very safe. The Standard Motor Company are even now planning their contribution to this happy scene.



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WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH

Bubble and Squeak

HERE is a very amusing story which comes from *The American Readers Digest*:

"Jedge," said the frightened old darky, "Ah didn't know Ah wuz breakin' any law. Ah never seed one o' them lights befoh. Ah sat theah watchin' and Ah seed all de white people goin' through when de light wuz green. So when de light changed to red Ah nache'ly thought dat wuz foh us black folks!"

"Oh," said the woman, in a distant tone. "I expect you'll find him hanging about the Bricklayer's Arms, as usual."

"Oh," she said, airily; "they're not both for me. One I'm giving to cook to wear to annoy Mrs. Robinson. It's an exact copy of the one he had on today."



"Ach, yes," said Adolf, "Mussolini's!"

(Continued on page 322)

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SAVE COUPONS BY INVESTING COUPONS IN



The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings

Bubble and Squeak (Concluded from page 320)

THIS story comes from *Shell Magazine*.

A motorist was asked if he had tried a new atomizer which is said to halve petrol consumption.

"Rather," he replied. "It did all the makers claimed for it, and saved fifty per cent of my petrol. I also bought a new carburettor which saved thirty per cent, got another brand of petrol which saved twenty per cent, and some special sparking plugs which saved another ten per cent."

"Then I took the car out for a test run, and I'm dashed if the petrol tank didn't overflow before I'd gone five miles."

TWO workmen were cleaning the paint off the top of a high building with the aid of a blow-lamp.

The foreman, from the ground, called out to one of the men, who turned to hear what was being said, at the same time accidentally directing the flame of the blow-lamp directly on to the ear of his mate.

The mate said nothing for a minute or two. Then he remarked casually:

"Blimey, Bill! Someone ain't 'arf talkin' abart me!"

THEY were sitting on the veranda in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness. She began to yawn.

"I say," she said, suddenly, "suppose you had money, what would you do?"

"If I had money," he said with enthusiasm, "I'd travel."

He felt her small hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed happily. When he looked up again she had gone.

In his hand lay a threepenny piece.

THERE was a fancy-dress dance recently, and everybody who attended had to represent a nursery-rhyme character. We hear that, on his way home, a gentleman attired as Little Boy Blue was arrested by a big man, also in blue, for blowing his horn after 11.30 p.m.

AFTER a lesson on the gods and goddesses of olden days, the school-teacher began asking questions.

"Now, who was Bacchus?"

No reply, and blank faces. So he tried again.

"Come, come! Mars was the god of war, Venus was the goddess of love, Bacchus was the god of—" he paused invitingly.

"Bookmakers?" suggested one bright boy.



"Of course, if madam wishes to assist the enemy's war effort by wearing a tin hat of inferior quality—"

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

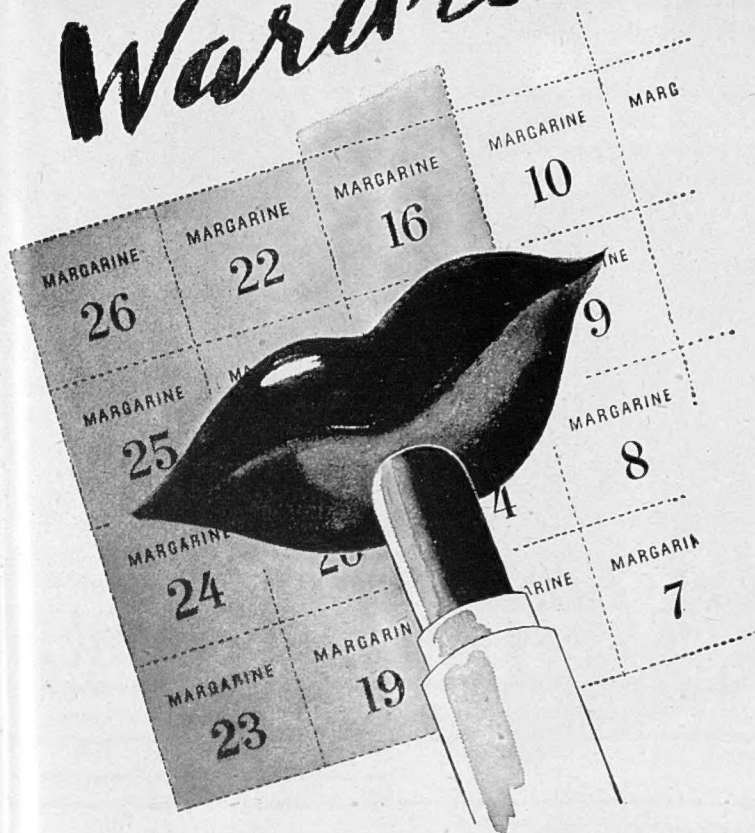
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There is Gala Powder, too, at 1/6 a box



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